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Geometry of Night

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Geometry of Night

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In three-dimensional Euclidean space,
lines in a plane that do not meet are parallel.

*My beautiful aunt loved to sleep, bogs
my insomniac cousin about my mother
who went to her parallel life every night.*

Those studying Playfair's axiom note the
constant distance between parallel lines.

I try to imagine Mom's parallel life, her
dream world in which Dad, Joey and me,
our life together, never touches her.

Evidence lies in affine transformations,
maps preserving the parallel alignment.

I picture Santa Monica, sunflowers of Arles,
Japanese gardens, but those we experienced
together, places where we were congruent.

Skew lines are neither parallel nor collide,
yet parallel lines share a common plane.

Now that she's gone, maybe she lives this
other life I struggle to envision. Or perhaps
the line of infinity offers closure, intersection.